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Judge

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"GIT!"

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER (*to intolerant blue-laws*)—"Now you get out!"

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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THE DUCHESS to Ivor Guest, cousin of the duke—"So have I."

* * *

BEFORE YOU begin to ride the bicycle get one that has been tamed.

* * *

WHEN YOU say that mum 's the word perhaps you mean chrysanthemum.

* * *

WE HAVE thought all along that it might have been well to send Mr. Van Alen to Italy.

* * *

TWO PUGILISTS we know of must be the leading spellbinders of the next peace congress.

* * *

IT IS NOT going to be necessary, we hope, for a man to give his family history merely because he wants to vote.

* * *

THERE MUST be night-schools throughout the year in this state in order to teach the male person how to vote.

* * *

ROSEBERY has recovered his health since he ceased to be the English government, and the government is getting along pretty well itself.

* * *

THE PRINCE OF WALES never travels, it is said, without copies of the works of Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. Swinburne. Well now, what's the matter with Mr. Hoyle?

* * *

HESTER M. POOLE says that when Adam built his own rude cabin Eve adorned it in her own gentle way. Herein is supplied a want in Eve's earlier history that has long been felt.

* * *

WHEN THE KAISER goes abroad he takes with him one hundred and eight uniforms. Let us not be misunderstood, however. He doesn't want to capture anybody, and he wears only one of them at a time.

* * *

THERE IS MORE religion to-day than ever before, thinks the New York *Sun*. Undoubtedly; and the larger part of it organizes itself without a fight and without a desire to destroy any of the rival organizations.

* * *

THE PAPERS of Montreal are bitter against Henry M. Stanley because he refused to be interviewed. Let them be more generous. As a newspaper man he didn't want to be stuck-up, but as a member of parliament he couldn't help it.

* * *

THE CHANLERS say they are the best of friends, and so say most of the other literary couples who have been divorced. So there is happiness through the marriage of these ladies and gentlemen, after all. All they have to do is to be as patient as possible and get their divorces as soon as they can.

AFTERMATH; OR, A HEN'S HALLUCINATION.

DUNDREARY DAYS (*reminiscent*)—"Yes, Willie; dough people may laff at dese Rip Van Winkle w'iskers o' mine, dey did me a great turn Chris'mas. I covered meself up wid hay in de barn I slep' in de night afore an' wuz woke up in de mornin' by a hen tryin' ter make a nest in 'em; so I wished meself a merry Chris'mas, wrung her neck, lit out an' sold de hen, an' got full four times dat day on de price."

THE YACHT TROUBLE.

THE DESIGNER of Valkyrie the last says he gained no new wrinkles from American yachts. Well, if he wants wrinkles why doesn't he go to Dunraven and John Bull? They have acquired a fine supply, and they are deep enough to draw large water.

TWO BROTHERS.

THE SHERMAN BOOK shows that its author has a long memory but a tender heart. And the letters between the Sherman brothers which it recalls emphasize the fact that neither ever wrote a line which, dying, he would wish to blot. Of what two other men who lived so long and did so much in public life can that be said?

THE DIPLOMATIC ARENA.

IN THEIR closing argument Mr. Corbett gets in a fine upper-cut and the other gentleman a couple of swingers; but the only in-fighting thus far has been such as is possible at a distance of thirty-seven miles one combatant from the other. It has been a battle by telegraph. We had hoped for one by short-distance telephone.

THE ORTHODOX WHEEL.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT replied rather impatiently to a request for his opinion of the bicycle and the very next day he was thrown from his horse and had his collar-bone broken. Thus orthodoxy as to methods of riding is vindicated, and retribution calls for its own. Men speak disrespectfully of the bicycle on peril of their bones.

A MUGWUMP REMEDY.

"TAKE THE BALLOT from the majority" is South Carolina's method of mugwumping. It is inconvenient to have the majority rule, and besides the fact that it is the majority is proof positive that it isn't fit to rule. Doubtless there are northern mugwumps who would be glad to adopt this most potent remedy for the ills that always afflict them.

THE PROFESSIONAL REFORMERS.

MISS WILLARD wants to have the prohibition party known hereafter as the home-protection party. The objectionable word ought to be killed, but it would be far better to kill the party to begin with. It has always been in harmony and illicit collusion with the enemies of temperance, its main purpose being revenge on the great organization which in practice and principle was naturally its friend and ally.

A QUESTION OF THIS PERIOD.

THE BEGINNING of the Venezuela trouble is very far off. During its long discussion the British are putting in their best work and the rights and wrongs of the existing situation are quite forgotten. Two agriculturists discussed the proper method of planting potatoes, and before they got through their neighbors had harvested their crops. Must we get back to the creation to learn whether two and two are four?

OUR ARISTOCRATIC WORKMEN.

AN ORATOR recently spoke with emphasis of the uniform of a street-cleaner as a badge of servility. The principle follows in the case of the soldier. The cook should be ashamed of his white hat and the driver of his livery. Why ashamed? Because they proclaim their method of earning a living. Thirty years since, when railroad men were made to wear a uniform, many were indignant and many patrons of railroads sympathized with them. How foolish that seems now!

NO PARTISANS NO CHANGE.

WE MUST COMMEND the Troy *Press* for the ability with which it advocates the sentimental proposition to put our ex-presidents in senatorial boxes for exhibition as past grand and noble pets; but why should it object to partisans as presidents? Has the successful party in a national campaign anything to be ashamed of? Is the president of its choice liable to be ashamed of the votes which elected him? How high is the altitude which the *Press* mentions as "above the plane of partisan politics"? What are parties for, and why is the reigning partisanship better than that which the people have voted in?

A MASTERLY MANŒUVRE.

SHE (*frigidly*)—"Pa says he saw you going into a p-a-w-w-n - shop this afternoon."

HE (*innocently*)—"Quite likely; you see I went 'round to give Isaacstein some of my old clothes. The poor devil 's hard up, and his wife and children are suffering for the necessaries of life."

SHE (*melting*)—"Oh, George, how truly noble of you!"

A MATTER OF OPINION.

EDITOR'S WIFE—"Harry, love, I wrote a little poem about baby, to-day, and when I read it to him he swung his little rattle and cried 'Goo—goo—goo!'"

EDITOR (*highly delighted*)—"Ha, ha, ha! Cried 'Goo-goo' and swung his little rattle, did he? That's as near as he can get to yelling 'Go—sneak, vamoose, vanish—git out' and slinging an ink-bottle. Oh, he's got the editorial instinct all right, and takes after his dad."

GETTING A JURY.

Counsel (to talesman who has come out unscathed from a two-hours' examination)—"Just one thing more. I want you to give me your understanding of the judge's charge if he should say to the jury, 'A reasonable doubt, gentlemen, is such a doubt as arises from irreconcilable inconsistencies which cannot be made consistent with the basic hypotheses; or, in other words, it is such a doubt as assails the understanding when the facts and circumstances and the hypothesis or hypotheses do not assimilate in a manner that proves absolute affinity.' Now, please tell us just what you understand by this charge."

Talesman (helplessly)—"I don't think I quite comprehend it."

Counsel—"Your honor, I submit that this talesman lacks the necessary intelligence to serve as a juror in this case."

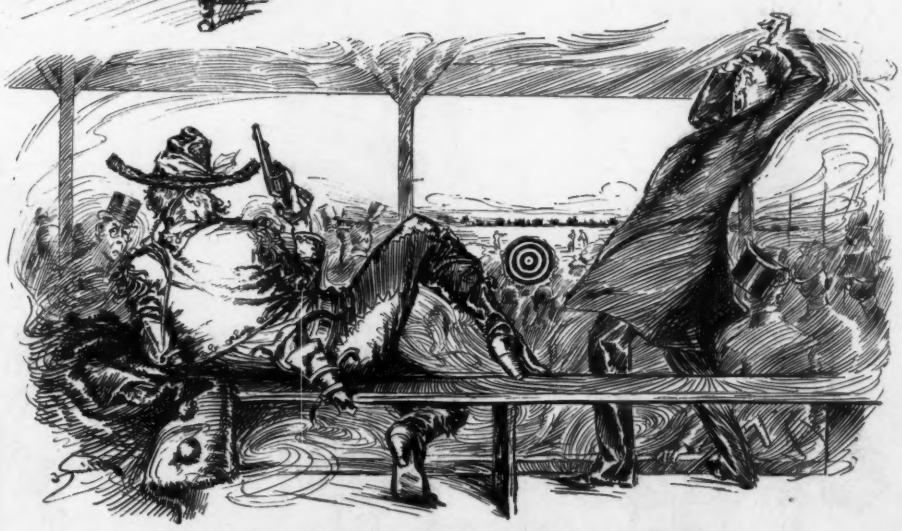
The judge—"One moment, please. Let me make the matter clear to him. What the counsel means to say is this. 'What would you understand by these words if I should use them in charging the jury, "A reasonable doubt is evolved by an intellectual process which, having its initial motion in inconsistencies of evidence which make the hypothesis irreconcilable with the facts and circumstances of which and concerning which the jury is the sole judge and interpreter, leads unwaveringly and relentlessly and without even momentary deviation to the one conclusion that the testimony is not of such consistence that a reasonable doubt could not be evolved"?' That makes it clear to you, does it not? Now give us your understanding of the charge in your own words."

Talesman (dazed)—"I don't quite see"——

Counsel—"Your honor, I repeat my challenge. This man evidently lacks the necessary intelligence."

The judge (wearily)—"Challenge sustained. The talesman is excused."

W. L. RIORDON.



A WESTERN FESTIVITY HAPPILY AVERTED.

ALKALI IKE (*drawing a bead*)—"These feet-ball managers are mi'tey ercomerdatin' ter put up targets so's a feller kin keep in pistil practice. See me nail"——

HIS NEPHEW (*who took him to the game, affrightedly checking him*)—"Heavens, Uncle Ike! there's a lady under that parasol."

ALKALI IKE (*aghast*)—"Snufflin' kyotes! Ef I warn't within an ace o' startin' me own lynchin'-bee!"

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JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ANNA BOYD IN "ALADDIN, JR."

Aladdin had a wondrous glim,
Or lamp, that made him a magician;
But you can fairly discount him,
Without the aid of such condition.
The foot-lights' magic lamp will do
To make your dearest wish come true.

A LITTLE OUT OF PLACE.

Tommy — "Pa, I am going to ask our Sunday-school superintendent to put me into another class."

Father—"Why, my boy?"

Tommy — "Because my new teacher did nothing but talk money all the morning."

Father (puzzled) — "Talked money?"

Tommy—"Yes, pa. He spoke of how the dove brought the green back to Noah."

WHY NOT?

ALL hail the cycle women! they
Should be in trade the boomers,
For if they could not boom their wares
Why they could wear their bloomers.

S. D. R.

MR. BURNSTEIN ON FIRE-BUGS.

MINE frents, I tole you how id vos; I haf been schfindled by dose fire-insurance gombanies! How aboud id? Don'd I keep a gloading-shtore on Baxter street, on vich, for some reason or odder, I gan ged me no insurance-bolicy? But don'd I haf a peautiful gountry home by New Chersey? A nice house und a loofly parn — dot vos insured. Und vasn't I alvays afraid dot parn gatch afire?

At nides, ven der shtore glose und I be home by mine family, sidding on der borch of der loofly summer evenings, don'd ve ged scared by dem fire-flies goming oud und in dot parn, und id fulled mit hay und straw? Ve do. Dey fly oud und in, und efery minnid my heart chump oxpecting to see der flames burst oud. Vell, von nighd I vos so sure dose fire-flies, dose lightening-bugs, set dot parn on fire I go down mit der lantern to see aboud id. Sure id vos so! In anudder momind dot parn vos in flames und I, running oud mit der lantern yelling "Fire!" runs into an Irish loafer who galls oud, "I gaught you dot time, ain'd id!"

Und vot vos der gonsequence? Der insurance gombany laugh at me ven I told aboud der fire-flies, und I geds me nodding but a warning from der grand chury! Don'd talk to me aboud dose fire-bugs. It maigs me sick.

ROY L. MCCARDLE.

PUTTING HIM ON HIS FEET.

HAZEL — "I tell you, it's a great thing to have a quarrel once in a while. My best girl and I haven't spoken for three weeks."

NUTTE —"I don't see why you should feel so good about it."

HAZEL—"Just think of all the money I've saved!"

SUPERSTITIOUS LAMENTATIONS.

"Well, here I is wid me collecshun ov 'good-luck' horseshoes dat I picked up in de last fourteen-miles' tramp, an' to tell de trut', I bin kicked out er yards five times an' had four wrassels wid bull-dogs, an' on me honor I hain't had a t'ing t' eat in t'ree days 'cept two stale fried-cakes."

AT THE PIANO.

A SYMPHONY in black and white
The keyboard lies before her;
Of symphony nor melody
Is she a sweet outpourer.
The scriptural injunction she
Is earnestly pursuing—
She never lets her right hand know
What her left hand is doing.

HE MEANT WELL.

Brownley (earnestly) — "I so like to see young ladies wear fur boas like yours tucked up under their chins. It doesn't matter how homely a girl is, she is bound to look pretty fixed up that way."

LOVE'S LABOR LOST; OR, NOT IN ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

"Dear Mr. Chollie — Your poem entitled, 'The New Woman in 1991,' has been placed on file——

——and will be held ——

——pending, for its approval or disapproval, an examination by the editor of this paper——

——at *that* date."

AN AMELIE-RIVES AGONY.

I HAVE a wee treasure
That's dear unto me,
Though others may never
Its precious charms see.
Tis tenderly hidden
In rose-leaves away,
And jealously guarded
By night and by day.

Nay, 'tis not a jewel
That dazzles the eyes,
Nor aught that a cold heart
Could throbbingly prize.
Yet fondly I'll keep it,
Though time may it mar—
'Tis but a wee stub-end
Of some one's cigar.

ANNIE M. TOOHEY.

THE HORSELESS AGE.

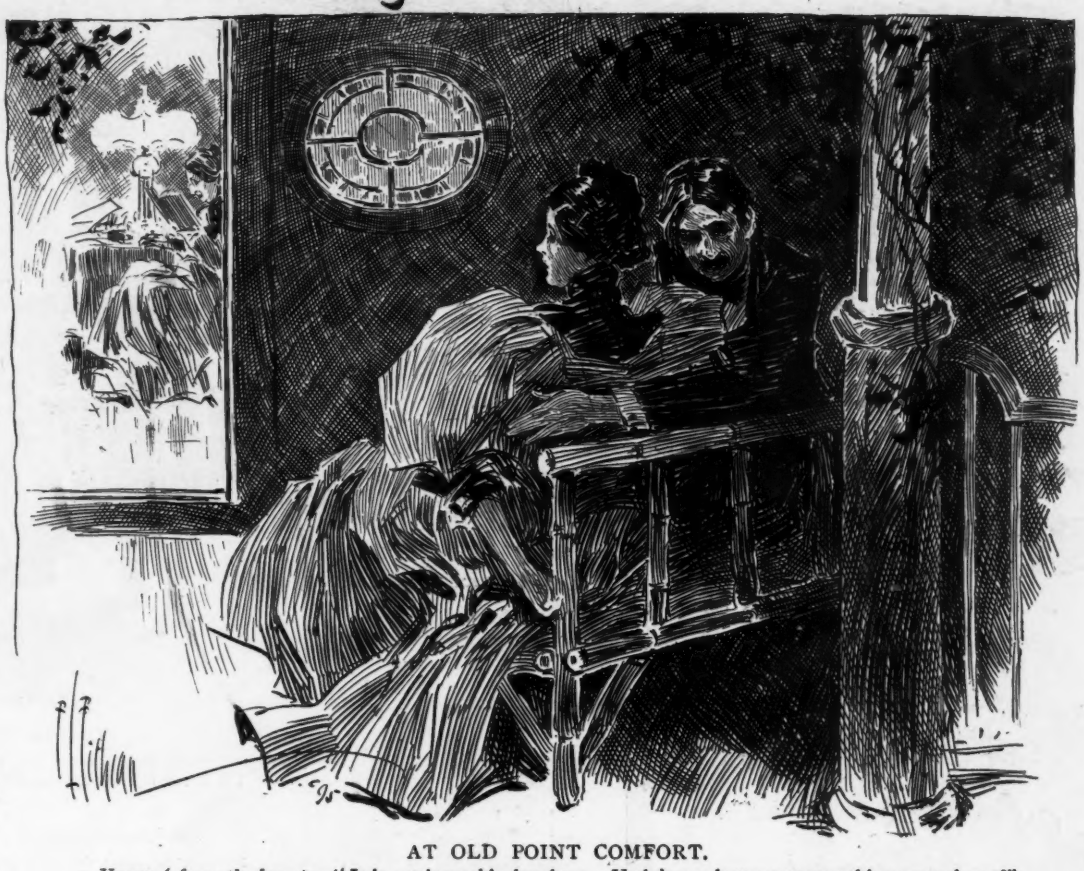
Mrs. Wheeler—"How's your husband, dear?"

Mrs. Biker—"Oh, he still has the night-tricycle terribly."

NOT IN ANY NEED.

Old lady—"Well, here's ten cents for ye; but I should hate to feel that I was encouragin' ye to drink."

Tramp—"I don't need no encouragement, mum."



AT OLD POINT COMFORT.

VOICE (*from the house*)—"It is getting cold, daughter. Hadn't you better put something around you?"
DAUGHTER—"I have already, mother."

A POETICAL FATE.

MISS PORKENHAM (*of Chicago*)—"Tell me, professor; who was the author of those beautiful lines, 'Leaves have their time to take a drop on themselves and flowers to skedaddle at the north wind's breath'?"

PROFESSOR BUGGS (*of Harvard*)—"Oh, that fellow was lynched last week for stealing hogs."

A BABY'S PECULIAR NAME.

THE happy parents of a new baby who lived in southern Indiana took their infant to church to be baptized.

The baby was being raised "by hand," and where it went its bottle went also. After the arrival of the christening party at church an accident happened. The nozzle of the milk-bottle came off and the baby's nice new dress was soaked all down its long front. This annoyed the parents, but nothing could be done, as the time for the ordinance had arrived.

When the parents stood before the clergyman, the baby in its mother's arms, he looked at the damp dress with a good deal of misapprehension, and to satisfy his curiosity the mother whispered,

"Nozzle came off."

The minister did not seem to understand and turned inquiringly to the father, who said, a little more loudly,

"Nozzle came off."

The good man understood this time, or at least he thought he did. He took the baby in his arms, sprinkled its forehead with baptismal water and solemnly said, before anybody could correct him,

"Nozzlecameoff Snyder, I baptize thee," etc., etc.

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

IN THE MAD RUSH.

King of Dahomey—"Welcome to my fighting tiger-lily! How fared you on your American trip? Whence came those scars and who put your terrible right arm in a sling? Yip! Wow, wow!"

Queen of Amazons—"Oh, ruler of light and prince of tanks, your slave that has won many bloody battles received these hurts in New York at the counter of bargains."

KNOCKED OUT.

ETHEL (*indignantly*)—"You needn't tell me that foot-ball isn't brutal. Just look at poor Tom Sluggar, the cast-iron half-back."

BROTHER BOB—"Yes, just look at him. The chump might have waited till after the foot-ball season before taking his first bicycle-lesson."

STICKING UP FOR HIM.

A CHIP OF NATURE.

HE SAID he'd never marry any maiden city bred, with foolish thoughts of fashion running riot through her head. No devotee of modern modes should ever share his life; no woman wise in worldly ways he'd choose to be his wife.

'Twas well enough to dance and flirt, to play at linking hearts; to steal a kiss or hold a hand 'neath Cupid's cunning darts; but when it came to mating, why, 'twas quite another thing. Upon the hand of Innocence he'd place the binding ring.

He hied him to the country for a certain season's span and wooed and won a daughter freshly reared by nature's plan.

Oh, hollowness of human hopes, how mortals will deceive! He found he'd drawn a perfect chip of charming Mother Eve. Right speedily she wanted what she'd never had before, and furled the matrimonial sails to reach the social shore.

She breakfasts gave at ten a. m. and dinings at high noon; then teas so light at four o'clock and lawnings 'neath the moon.

TRIALS OF A DENTIST.

GIRL (*in chair*)—"Now remember, Fred; if you hurt me I'll break our engagement."

She joined the clubs both large and small, and learned to elocute, and quickly grasped the movement pending ev'ry new dispute.

Oh, how she flirted, how she danced! and how she loved to dress! And how she laughed to witness her liege husband's dire distress!

When, on the very ragged edge of deepest dark despair, the humble knight did sadly plead before his lady fair, she cried, "In waves of mammon I must quench my natural thirst, and after marriage get a taste of what you relished first."

KATE TRADER BARROW.

AT THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

TOMMY HIGGINS—"Hooray! that's a touch-down."
'SQUIRE—"A touch-down, eh? I should say it wuz a slam-down."

THOSE STREETS.

Johnson—"Have you heard that Billings has met with a serious accident?"

Munson—"No. How?"

Johnson—"Well, you see he lives in Indianapolis now and the other day went riding on his bike. In going up one of the main streets his front wheel overtook the hind one and the result was a bad smash-up."

HIS LOVE WIDE AWAKE.

CHAIRMAN (*of the Blackville club, to Mr. Johnson, who has grown suddenly saffron*)—"Mistah Johnson, why didn' yo' jine in wif us in singin' dat beautiful song. 'Cum whah mah luv lies dreamin'?"

MR. JOHNSON (*moodily*)—"'Cause it's half-pas' one, an' I's dreamin' whedder I'll git hit wif a flat-iron er on'y a rollin'-pin when I git home. Mah wife ain' no dreamer; *she* ain't."

DEADGULCH ENLIGHTENED.

MR. BRONCO PETE, a leading citizen of the classic town of Deadgulch, had in some manner got hold of a patent-medicine circular, and upon occasion would take advantage of the profound fund of medical lore with which he had crammed himself therefrom to overawe his nightly associates at the Hail Columbia saloon with his wisdom.

One night, as Pete sat nonchalantly whistling a gospel hymn and kicking time with his spurs upon a box of dynamite cartridges outside the door of the Hail Columbia, a stranger on a bronco arrived from Slaughterhouse Park, a few miles up the gulch, and Pete immediately laid for an opening on the stranger, should he perchance commit himself upon any physiological standpoints.

He had not long to wait. The stranger chanced to remark that Faro Dan of Bloody Run had lost his nerve and gone to stacking hay instead of stacking cards.

"Excuse me, stranger," interrupted Pete with a somewhat blasé air; "but wot did you say 'bout Faro Dan?"

THE RIVAL PAWNBROKERS.

SIMPSON (*to Cohen*)—"Dot Hockstein's face is his fortune. He don'd haf to advertise his peesniss."

POVERTY AND LIFE PREFERRED.

"Bill, an angel cum ter me las' night an' tol' me dat I'd die rich.
"Wot yer goin' ter do about it?"
"I'm goin' ter git right inter sum nice almshouse an' live ferever."

"I said he lost his nerve," replied the stranger.

"Which?" queried Pete innocently.

"Which what?" returned the stranger.

"W'y, which nerve, of course," replied Pete. "You say he lost his nerve, but which nerve wuz it dat Faro Dan lost?"

"W'y, he lost *his* nerve; d' ye understan'? An' he lost *de* nerve; am I plain to youse? He lost his grip an' slipped his lariat. Yes, Faro Dan he lost his own particular nerve; aldo perhaps youse think dat he lost some other feller's;" and the stranger surveyed Pete in a most insolent manner.

"See here, stranger," said Pete quietly; "allow me to say to you right here dat dere's more 'n a *thousand* nerves in every gent dat lives in Deadgulch; aldo I rather think thar ain't more 'n *one* nerve in th' hinkey-dinks uv Slaughterhouse Park an' Bloody Run, so ye're quite excusable fer not understandin' me question."

The festivities commenced without further parley. The stranger, being about two seconds slower with his gun than the intellectual giant of Deadgulch, is doubtless ignorant to this day as to just what Pete was trying to get at.

"Well, boys," said Pete, as he surveyed the body with a superior air while lighting his pipe, "I hope th' poor unedicated jack-rabbit did'n leave no widder—er at least not more 'n one er two; but dere's one consolation anyways; any woman 's better off alone dan she is livin' with a feller dat's so cussed ignerant dat he did'n even know dat dere wuz more 'n a thousand nerves right in 'im. Yes, feller-citizens," exclaimed Pete, raising his voice to make it more impressive, "every one uv us cayotes hez got more 'n a thousand nerves, right in 'im! More 'n a thousand! Nerves! Right in 'm! So jes' remember dat solemn fac', an' come inside an' name yer pizen."

C. M. WEST.

GETTING IT GRADUALLY.

"DON'T you think, dear, we might afford one of the horseless carriages?"

"We might take the horseless part now and wait for fortune to bring us the rest."

A DEAD LOSS.

COLONEL BOOZE—"To think, major, that I've gone and poured a quart of six-year-old bourbon down the poor judge, trying to revive him, and here the doctor says that he was dead from the start!"

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE—THE

—THE MACHINERY WILL NOT WORK.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co. New York.

USING THE REVIVER.

COLONEL RYE (*of Kentucky*) — "Say, major, there's some blame good points about this foot-ball game, after all."

HE WAS THINKING OF THEM.

J. CÆSAR MORAUDANT (*decisively*) — "I leave the profession to-morrow, to accept a position in a hardware-store."

J. BRUTUS MAGUIRE — "What! Leave the stage? Never! My dear fellow, think of the many ties"——

J. CÆSAR MORAUDANT (*grimly*) — "I am thinking of them. I have just walked here from Syracuse."

MISS MARY ELLEN EASTSIDE AND THE LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.

GEORGE got a chance t' sing at a liter'y entertainment the other night, an' nobody 's been able to do anything with him before nor since.

Now George can't sing. Thinks he can, but he can't. Jest bellers like a bull o' Bashan, that's all. But the only way you can make him mad is t' tell him 't he can't sing.

He goes inter a surplus choir every oncet in a while, when he's got a mind ter give up his Sundays; but there the other fellers turn to an' drownd him out. An' he can play the mouth-harmoniky an' the accordion, an' says he's goin' ter take on a banjo.

The way he come ter sing fer this entertainment was 't he was passin' a house on the avenue one evenin' an' happened ter see 't the lace winder-curtins had blowed inter the gas an' was afire; so George rushes in an' pulls 'em down an' stamps the fire out. The man of the house gives him the glad hand, an' of course George tells him 't he's a singer 'fore he'd know'd the man five minutes; an' the man ast George ter sing fer a s'ciety 't he was president of. George hired a dress-suit t was too long-waisted in the back, an' bought a pair of patent-leather tooth-pick shoes two sizes too small fer him an' a pair of white-kid gloves, an' stuck one o' them big flowers with the tom-fool name in his button-hole, an' parted his hair in the middle an' 't wouldn't stay; an' he was a holy show!

He took me t' the entertainment, an' we had a scrap comin' home. He stuck to it 't he got an ongcore an' 't the director railroaded him out of it, out o' jealousy. I said 't he didn't. An' I, says, "That girl 't all you duffers seemed ter think so much of, an' 't had on a dress trimmed with feather trimmin' 't was moultin', an' thet snorted an' pawed gravel roun' that stage, spoutin' some Japanese slush about a pagody, or a belfry, an' a korfu, had better have wore a high-neck dress; fer her neck looked like a gridiron, an' her arms like the wings of a picked chicken."

George says, "Mary Ellen, ye're jealous ag'in, an' y' haven't got no appresheation of anything 't 's artistic!"

"No," I says, "an' they didn't appresheate you, neither, up in that college town where you went with a bum Pinafore comp'ny, an' where the students shut off the gas on ye an' fired benches onter the stage!"

"There ye go inter ancient hist'ry ag'in!" he says. "Any one of us was better 'n that comic singer 't you admired so much t'-night, an' thet had ter be choked off ter keep him from givin' the whole show alone! Here we are at your corner. Time we begun t' make up. Time!"

An with that he give me a smack; an' I boxed his ears an' run in the house.

MADELINE ORVIS.

RIGHT IN IT.

CANNIBAL CHIEF—"I say, secretary, just drop a line to the editor of the *Bugle* and state that the Reverend Mr. Missionary is now in our midst."

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Rowland Hill.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

If women's sleeves get much bigger than they are now it won't be necessary for them to wear anything else.—*Somerville Journal.*

A dozen raw with a bottle of *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne* is an after-theatre thought.

She—"You're a monster, a brute, a"—*He*—"That'll do. Stop just where you are. I'm no believer in a third term."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Indigestion and other stomach disorders
Promptly relieved by Bromo-Seltzer.

Waggs—"I tell you it makes me feel proud to think that no genuine American man has ever been known to accept a European title of nobility." *Gaggs*—"I guess that's because there are only enough of them for American girls."—*New York Tribune.*

Chafing,

Itching, Dandruff,

Prickly Heat,

and Odors from Perspiration,

Usually yield quickly to the use of

Packer's Tar Soap.

Columbia Bicycles

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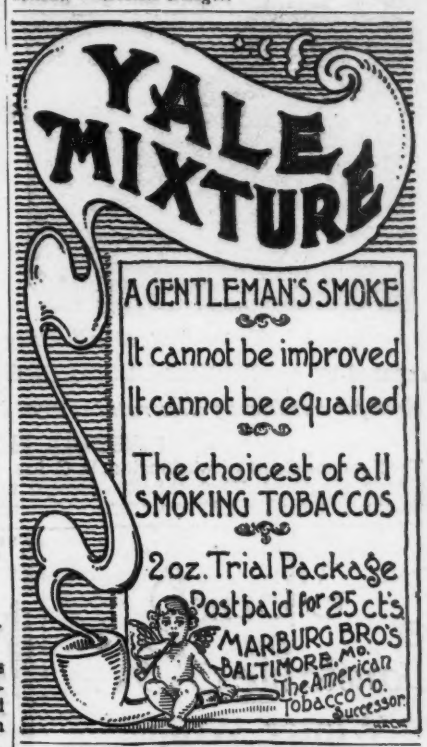

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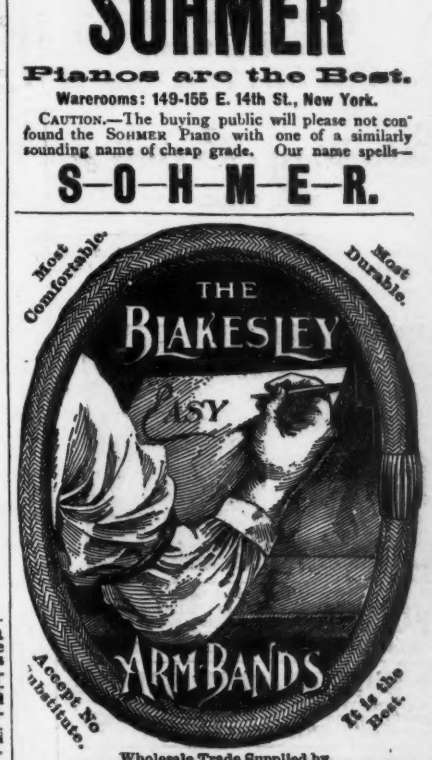

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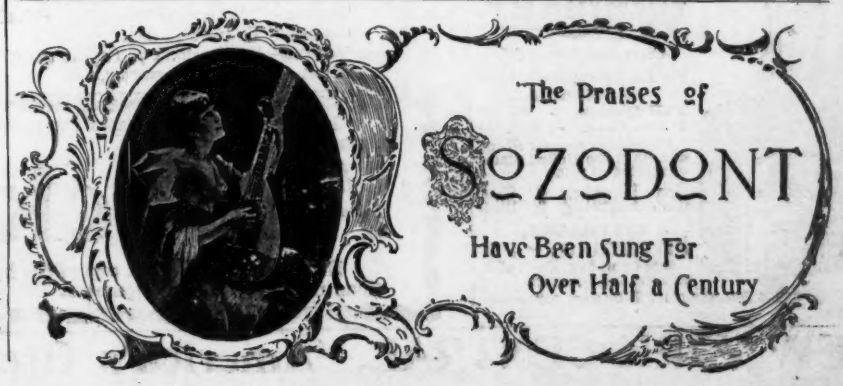

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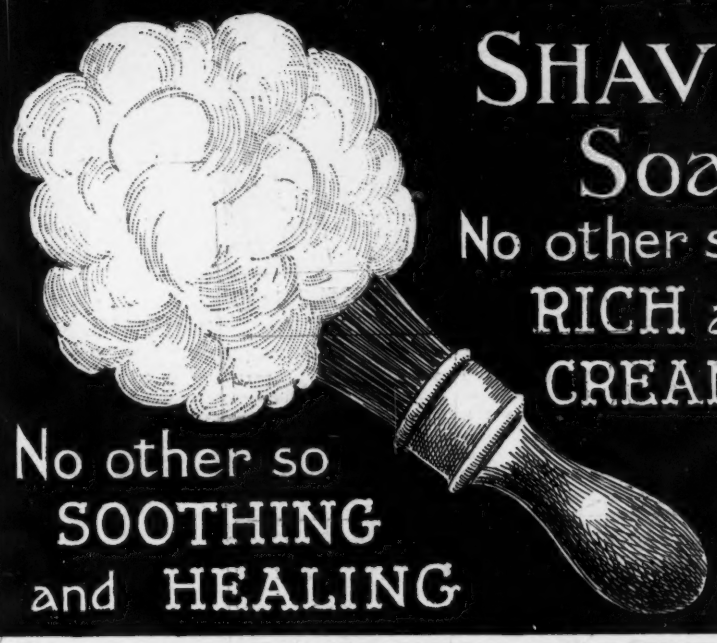

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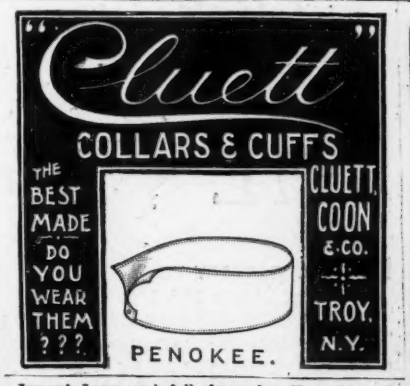

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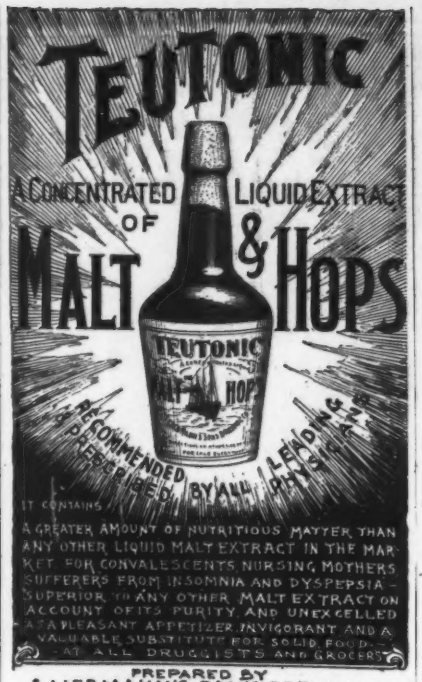

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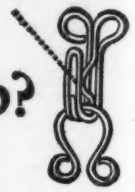

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